MISER CHILTON.

Old Elbert Chilton sat before a table on which was an open, iron-bound box. He was counting his money; and as he spread out the glittering, shining gold, or let it fall in heaps beneath his hand, the greedy, avaricious, hawk-like look on his face, his hands clutching the shining metal like talons, he seemed like some fierce bird ready to pounce upon its prey and rend it to pieces. No wonder the people called him 'Miser Chilton,' and shunned him in dislike, or that children shrank from him as he passed. His money had, as yet, been only a curse to him; but there was one who, almost in spite of hope, hoped better things of him—his granddaughter Mabel, his only living relative, his only friend.

As he sat absorbed in the contemplation of his beloved gold, she came into the room and stood beside him—a fair, gentle girl—and as she looked at him so tenderly, it seemed as if the faith and love that shone in her starry eyes must win him from his unholy passion. Now he looked up uneasily, impatiently; for though Mabel was very dear to him, and he would not forbid her his room, for he trusted her implicity, yet the sight of his gold was still dearer, and he could not endure to have even her share the pleasure.

"It is beautiful gold, isn't it, grandfather?" said Mabel. "How it seems to laugh! It ought to make people very happy, oughtn't it? Grandfather—"

"Yes, yes, child?" he said impatiently. "What is it? What do you want?" and his eyes wandered for a moment to the sweet troubled face beside him. "Not money!" he screamed, as Mabel's eyes fell meaningly on the glittering treasure.

"Grandfather," said Mabel, with a grave, earnest voice, looking steadfastly into his warning, suspicious eyes, "down in the cottage at the foot of the lane poor Jessie Welles lies ill, suffering for want of some of this gold, or what it would buy her. On her arm is a wee babe that needs the mother's care to keep it alive; and three little children are looking with such hungry faces for food, and there is none; and just a little of this money would save them all. Think of that, grandfather! They are starving—even the sick mother! Can you answer for it if they die?"

"I cannot help them. Why do you come to me with your miserable stories always?" asked the old man, angrily. "Where is Reuben Welles? Why does he not work for his wife and children? We shall starve ourselves if we give the money away now. It is all for you—all for you, child, that I am saving it. Let me keep it only a little while in peace, then you shall have it all," and he moved about uneasily, and looked down abashed at Mabel's clear, unfaltering gaze.

"Reuben cannot find work," she said. "He is almost wild to-night at the thought of his family. Grandfather, you have never given me even so much as a dollar to help any one; but this time it makes me think—Grandfather, do you remember how you left my mother die just so, for want of the care your gold could have given her? And how I, a puny child, would have died, too, but for the kind woman who took me from her cold arms, and kept me till I was well grown, and you wanted me; because to keep me here cost less than to pay the few dollars she asked."

"Child! child! do you know that—for it is true—and yet do not curse me?" cried the old man, with broken voice.

"Yes, I know it," said Mabel, slowly. "Did you think the woman would be silent about it?"

"And yet you have stayed with me, and seemed to love me, and worked for me, and saved, and asked nothing for yourself! O, what a wretch I've been! I see it now. What shall I do?"

"I do love you, grandfather," said Mabel, softly stroking his withered hand. "If you are sorry give me my reward now. You know what."

"Yes, yes," he said, taking up some of his beloved gold and thrusting it toward Mabel. "There, take it, and go before I repent! Go help the woman and the little babe. Take old Michael with you; he can go for wine and food and all that they need." And he rose and almost pushed Mabel from the room in his eagerness to send her on her errand of mercy; then returning he sat down beside the table, and burying his face in his hands gave himself up to bitter memories. How long he sat there he did not know, and so absorbed was he that he did not hear the click of the latch, nor know that the door softly opened, and a stealthy footstep crossed the floor; and when suddenly he looked up to meet the gaze of fierce angry eyes fastened upon him, and see a hand outstretched toward his gold, he started up in deadly fear. But it was too late; a strong hand grasped his throat, and a hoarse voice said:

"Gold, Gold! Give me gold, old man, or I'll murder you!"

With a strength born of desperation, the old man struggled and freed himself from the cruel hand that held his throat, and in turn held the thief in a strong clasp saying:

"I know you, Reuben Welles! But I do not deserve that at your hands. This night have I sent aid to your wife and little ones—more gold than they have ever seen."

"You!" exclaimed Welles, scornfully. "You, who let your child die in poverty! You part with your gold to save my children's lives! I do not believe you! You but try to send me from you with that paltry excuse. But I will not go, I will have gold." And he grasped at the box as if he would carry it away bodily.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Elbert Chilton, "do not take my money. Listen! Come to your home with me, and if it is not as I said, I will—will give you all you ask."

"Come, then, or it will be too late!" cried Reuben Welles, desperately.

And he dragged the old man from the room despite his entreaties that he would let him lock up his treasure.

Evening had fallen; the flowers in the lane were wet with the dew of heaven, giving forth sweet odors, all the sweeter if the heavy footsteps of the men crushed them in passing; the night birds piped their evening songs; everything spoke of tranquil peace. But the two men hastening through the twilight gave no heed to them.

A few moments and they were at the door of Reuben Welles' cottage, it was open, and as they looked in, the scene that met his eyes was never to be forgotten. A fire was blazing brightly on the hearth. Before it, in a willow chair, sat a young girl, a tiny babe lying on her knee and stretching itself comfortably in the warmth; old Michael was at a table feeding two other children, his old weather-beaten face fairly beaming at each mouthful they swollowed. On a bed in a corner of a room, freshly spread with white, though coerse, linen, lay the sick mother, a peaceful, happy smile on her pale face as she looked at the hungry children who were giving signs of content and repletion at old Michael's generous feeding. Mabel was bending over her with the face of an angel almost (it seemed to Reuben Welles), through glass and the spoon beside her showing that the patients wantsr had not been neglected.

The firelight danced on the walls, the happy children laughed aloud in glee, and the sound roused the father. Then on his threshold—to which he might have come with the blood of a fellow being on his hands—he bared his head and thanked God who kept him from that awful crime; then he turned to Elbert Chilton, who stood silently beside him, and said humbly:

"Can you forgive me? I was crazed by my trouble. I feared to ask you for help, so I—"

But his voice had been heard within the room, and a joyful shout went up as two of the children rushed to meet him, and drew him in, crying:

"Oh, father! So much to eat, we'll never be hungry again."

And his wife, calling him to her with a faint voice, said:

"Husband, our troubles are over now! here is an angel who has helped us," and she looked very lovingly at Mabel.

"No, no; it was grandfather who helped you," said Mabel. "I wish he was here now. I am sure it would make him happy to see the good his money has done."

"He is here," said a voice at the door; and Elbert Chilton entered slowly, and sank down upon a chair; for he was old, and the excitement had shaken him.

"Old Miser Chilton!" cried the children with hushed voices, as they shrank behind their father. But Mabel went up to him, and putting her arms around his neck, kissed him lovingly, saying:

"See, grandfather! isn't it blessed to give?"

"Yes, child," answered Elbert, his eyes, long unused to tears, moist and shining. "Please God, it shan't be 'Miser Chilton' any more."

And it wasn't; though there was many a bitter struggle before he conquered himself. The money he had taken such delight in hoarding gave him far greater joy when he shared it with others. Mabel was his almoner. She had long been known and loved throughout the village; but where before she only had helping words and pitying smiles to give, now she could give substantial aid. Under her gentle guidance Elbert Chilton at last learned the sublime truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." And in giving he himself received—love, gratitude, respect; gifts that hoarded gold can never buy.

The Story of a Beard.

During a soriee given at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in the reign of the Czar Nicholas, some forty years ago, the conversation happened to turn on luxurient growths of hair, and a governor of a distant province remarked that he frequently noticed, in the chief town of his government, a venerable Jew, whose countenance was adorned by a beard of extraordinary length and beauty. "How I should like to see him," ejaculated a lady, smiling winningly at the narrator. "Your highness' least wishes are commands," replied the governor; and that very night he dispatched a courier to the provincial capital with a peremptory order that the Hebrew should be forwarded to him without delay. On receipt of this command the local authorities at once caused the Jew to be conveyed post-haste to St. Petersburg. His protestations of innocence were ignored. When after traveling for more than a fortnight, he reached his destination, the police officials, learning from his escort that he had been sent thither at the express order of the governor, assumed that he must be a criminal of the deepest dye. Accordingly they thrust him into a dungeon, having first caused his hair to be clipped short and his beard shaved off, in conformity with prison regulations. By this time several weeks had elapsed since the conversation above alluded to had taken place, and the lady's whim had been forgotten alike by herself and the governor. As, therefore, no questions were asked about the luckless Hebrew, he remained immured in his cell, and might have spent the remainder of his days there had not his relatives, wealthy traders, bestirred themselves to obtain his release. When they succeeded in directing official attention to his case, it came out, to the infinite amusement of the Russian court, that his beautiful beard, the motive of his martyrdom, had long since ceased to exist, and with it the necessity of his further sojourn in St. Petersburg. He was, therefore, set at liberty, grimly congratulated upon his "lucky escape," and solemnly warned "never to do it again."

He Only Had Ten Cents.

They were walking in the avenue the other evening when it was very warm, arrayed in their summer clothes. In the distance shone the light of an ice cream saloon, merry inside with the jingle of spoons and dishes.

"Oh! Augustus, it is so warm."

"So it is, pet."

"Don't you think, dear, that we could find a cooler place than on the street?"

"Perhaps we'd better go in the park and get a drink of water."

"I'd scream first."

"Why, would you scream, love?"

"Oh! because—because, Oh! look, Gus, there's an ice cream saloon."

"I read, Angelique, darling, in the paper to-day, that ice cream contained the germs of small-pox. That's the reason I didn't ask you to have some. Let's go and get some soda water."

When Angelique got home she slammed her false hair on the table and screamed to ma that she'd "never go out with that stingy, old bald-headed heathen again."—*Free Press.*

According to the Washington *Republican*, ex-Senator Conkling has already received three retainers of fifty thousand dollars. At this rate he will not suffer pecuniarily by returning to the ranks of the Sovereigns.

Lapland And Its Ways.

In Lapland the sun never goes down during the months of May, June and July; but in the winter, for two months he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful Northern Lights which flash and flicker in the cold gray skies. They look like fires of a thousand different shapes and colors. Now like crowns, and now like domes; now like flashing nets, and now like banners—those welcome guests make a Lapland night beautiful.

As long as the unwearied sun goes around and around the sky in summer, the Laplanders live in tents made of poles and skins; but when Jack Frost approaches with a scowl on his brow, the house of thick sods becomes a very snug home. The Laplander creeps in on all fours, along a sort of tunnel. A hole in the roof lets in a little daylight, or rather moonlight, and lets out what smoke there is from the sooty lamp. The lamp is made of stone, and filled will seal oil; and it answers many ends. It cooks food, dries wet clothes, keeps the house warm and affords light.

Trees are plentiful of certain sorts, and the soil of the forest is carpeted with reindeer moss, a sort of litchen which grows on stones trees and earth. This moss will, flourish where hardly any other sort of grass will, and it affords glutton or starch, which is very wholesome and nourishing. The reindeer will root under the snow for the moss as a pig does in the field. And if the animal browses on the moss which sticks to the trees, without digging beneath the snow, the Laplander takes it for granted that the ground there produces none.

The reindeer, when he casts his coat, is brownish-yellow. In the dog days he becomes white. His hair is short and thick. The horns are large and beautiful, but fall toward the end of november and are turned into spoons of glue. This wonderful creature has been known to go at the rate of nineteen miles an hour when yoked to a light sledge. After their most severe journeys these deer require no more moss than can be held in both hands.

Were it not for the admirable animal who could live in Lapland? It is man's all in all there. "It feeds and clothes its master," says Goldsmith. "With its skin the Laplander covers his tents and makes his bed; of its milk he makes cheese, and uses the whey for his drink. Every part of this valuable animal is converted to some use or other. The sinues make bow strings, springs for catching birds, and threads for sewing, the horns make glue, the tongue a great delicasy, is sold and the money comes back in luxuries. Yoked to a sledge, the reindeer carries his master, who guides it easily by means of a cord fastened around its horns, and it is encouraged to proceed by the driver's voice. The sledge is covered by a bear's skin, and at the back are two leathern girths, into which the traveler thrusts his arms to keep himself steady. He has also a pole to support the sledge, in case it is in danger of being overturned."

The Laplander hunts the ermine and the squirrel, the hare, the otter and sable. Besides, he has fish in abundance in his waters—Salmon, pike, tench, perch and smelts. The birds which always live with him are heathcocks, woodcocks, and hawks. Other birds only stop a while, such as swans and wild geese.

"Nobody dies of cold in Lapland," says a French writer, "except some person, perhaps, who is bewildered in the woods, or who, being fatigued with hunger and long journeys, has not strength left to return to his home.

The people have some curious customs. When they have eaten a bear, and wiped their mouths and fingers, they solemnly bury all the bones; for they think the bear will rise again. They bury with the bones some spoons and a knife, for the bear will want to eat his bread and mild in another life. If a hungry dog carries off a bone he is killed, and one of his own bones is put in the grave.

The master of the house always does the cooking. Women are not allowed to make messes for the men. The Laplanders make little toys for sale, also boxes and baskets, snuff boxes, spoons of horn, shoes, gaiters and gloves. The women make pewter wire and adorn with it reindeer harness. Ropes are made of tree roots, boughs of fir, and birch, glued together with glue made of fish skins. This glue is so strong that pieces of wood joined by it never separate.

Wicked for Clergymen.

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C., writes: "I belive it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen and other public men to be lead into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use, I will not be without them.—*New York Baptist Weekly.*

Attempted Escape.

LANCASTER, Pa., August 9.—Eight long term prisoners were discovered by the watchman in at attempt to escape from the county prison on Sunday night, at 10 o'clock. They had cut through the partition of their cells and then made a hole through the wall leading to the prison yard large enough to crawl through. They had a rope made of their bed clothes with which they intended to scale the wall surrounding the prison. They were the most notorious thieves in the county 3 of them having terms of ten years to serve.

James Butler, Esq., Clerk of the Roxbury Carpet Co., Boston, Mass., employing eight hundred hands, in a late communication concerning the admirable working of an article introduced into the factory, says: The famous Old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil has effected several cures among our men, who have been badly hurt in working in the factory, and they pronounce it a success every time.—*Clinton, (Iowa,) Herald.*

Young lover asks: "When is the best time to travel?" When you see the old man and his bull dog coming around the corner, sir, travel for all that you are worth.

It is true other remedies can be praised, but Peruna has the unequalled proof.

The Farmer's Hired Man.

"I'm kinder lookin' around the market for a hired man," he exclaimed as he stopped at one of the stands and nibbled at an onion. "I kinder need one, but yet. I kinder hope I shan't be able to find him."

"How's that?"

"Wall, there ain't no profit in a hired man no more. No, sir, he's no good any longer."

"What's the reason?"

"Oh, a dozen reasons. First and foremost, times have changed, and the hired man has changed with 'em. Ah! sis, it makes me sad when I think of the hired man before the war—great big feller with the strength of an ox and the vim of a locomotive. I didn't have to holler my lungs out to get one of 'em out of bed at three o'clock in the mornin', and it was all I could do to coax 'em to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night. I'm afraid we sha'n't never see no more hired men wuth keepin' around for their board."

"That's sad."

"It's sad, and more, two. Now, as I said I want a hired man. I'm willing to pay $11 or $12 a month for a smart one. Some farmers want a man to work all day and all night, but that aint me. I never ask one to get out of bed before 1 o'clock—never. I allus give my man three-quarters of an hour at noon, unless the hogs get out, or cattle in, or a shower is coming up. After a man has worked right along for nine hours his system wants at least half an hour to brace up in. They don't quit on some farms till 8 o'clock, but I'm no such slave driver. At half past 7 I tell my man to knock off. All he has to do after that is to feed the stock, cut a little wood, mow some grass for the horses, milk four cows, fill up the watering trough, start a smudge in the smoke house, and pull a few weeds in the garden. I never had a hired man that didn't grow fat on my work and they allus left me feeling that they hadn't half earned their wages."

He stopped long enough to wipe a tear from his eye, and went on:

"And now look at the hired man of to-day! He wears white shirts and collars. He won't eat with a knife. He wants napkins when he eats, and if we don't hang up a clean towle once a week he wipes on his handkerchief. Call him at 3 and he gets up at 6. He wants a whole hour at noon, and at supper he's off to a singing school or sets down to a newspaper. Fifteen years ago if my hired man was sick for a half a day I could dock him. If he died I could take out a month's wages for the trouble. He was glad to get store orders for his pay, and he would wash in the rain barrel and wipe on the clothes line. There's bin a change, sir—an awful change, and if a reaction don't set in pretty soon you will witness the downfall of agriculture in this country."

"Then you won't hire another?"

"Wall I can't just say. Work is powerful pressing; but I'm going slow. Before I hire him I want to know whether he's a man who'll pass his plate for more meat and taters, and whether we've got to use starch in doing up his shirts. The last man I had took me to task for not holding family prayers twice a day, and after I had done so for three months I found it was only a game of his to beat me out of half an hour a day. He thought he had a pretty soft thing, and he looked mighty lonesome when I cut Old Hundred down to two lines and got through with the Lord's Prayer in forty seconds."

Interesting Experiments with Birds.

Dr. Wood, of East Windsor Hill, the well known Connecticut ornithologist, whose collection of eggs alone numbers between 8,000 and 10,000, and includes some which cost $20 apiece, has been experimenting with hawks' eggs for hatching under a sitting hen. His experiments were successful every time, and the result shows that a published work by a certain Philadelphia ornithologist, in its statement of the time required for hatching the eggs of different hawks, is all wrong, and evidently mere guesswork. The Doctor's experiments show that for the eggs of the red-shouldered hawk and in fact for those of every species of hawk he has tried, about twice the length of time is required for incubation that is named in the Philadelphia and some other works on ornithology. He has found no hawk's egg that will hatch inside of twenty-eight days, and many of them require thirty days. Owls' eggs are difficult to succeed with under a hen. All the owls lay a white egg nearly round; but the shell is so thin, that under a hen the eggs get broken and Dr. Wood failed to hatch any owls' eggs. He discovered, as was stated, we believe, in one of his papers on "The birds of Connecticut" (published some eighteen years ago in the *Times*), that one kind of owl, known in this State, namely, the Great Horned Owl, has the singular habit of nesting in February. In that inhospitable winter month, fatal to all other young birds, the young owls are born. A pair of this species of large owls, selecting some abandoned nest of crow or hawk (they never build their own), usually in a high tree, will lay their eggs and rear their young—snow surrounded, and in weather well fitted oftentimes to make an Artic fox bark with the cold. The owl's deep mass of soft feathers comes into play here—as it also does in making possible a silent flight when prey is to be pounced upon. The female never leaves the nest to go far, and her mate promptly takes her place if she is off for more than a minute or two.

Experience the Best Guide.

The constant practice most women have in caring for the sick makes them often more skillful than physicians in selecting medicine. The reason why women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic is, because they have learned by that best of guides — experience—that this excellent family medicine speedily overcomes despondency, periodical headache, indigestion, liver complaints, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal.* See adv.

The Colonel Rockwell who is one of the most devoted attendants upon President Garfield at the White House is not a public officer nor relative of the Garfield family. He was a college classmate of General Garfield, and is one of his warmest friends.

Peculiarity of ice: A pound lump of ice is smaller now than at any other season of the year. It is just big enough to run away if left on the side-walk.

Most Remarkable Eyes.

Last winter a gentleman living near Litchfield, Connecticut, took his daughter, 16 years of age, on a sleigh-ride. The day was cold but very sunny. On their return the girl complained of her eyes. The trouble grew worse, and finally the girl was kept in a dark room and there remained with no ray of light until a few days ago, when she experienced a peculiar sensation which she describes as follows: "It seemed as if my eyes were running out, or part of them. Putting my hand up to my eyes I could feel something coming out over my lower eyelids which I took hold of and pulled out. It gave me some pain to do so but almost immediately my eyes felt better. Instead of a smarting sensation when I winked, they felt cool and natural, and it was a pleasure to wink them. Then came the thought, 'Why, my eyes are better, and I believe I could bear the light,' which thought was so impressed upon my mind that I was determined to try. Hesitatingly I opened the door, when to my great joy I found I was able to bear the light as well as I ever could. The feeling that came over me at the moment that I found out that I could once more leave the dark, dismal room and see the glorious sunlight again was so overpowering that I gave one scream for joy and then fainted away."

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Six months ago the girl's eyes were straight and natural; now the girl is cross-eyed, but she pays no attention to that. She sees things just the same as she always did, but let her close her right eye and look out of only her left eye, and she can see a distance of eight or ten miles, and distinguish things as well as an ordinary person can only sixty rods away. She is able to look clear to the lake, a distance of three and a half miles, and identify any one, describing their dress even. The distant hills are brought close to her, and she can see the farmers getting in their hay, even counting the number of heaps, which in an air line, are seven miles from her. To test her, a field glass was used, and her sight would far out reach any object that could be seen with the glass. If she closes her left eye and looks out of the right, then she cannot see anything except close to her, but that eye is a perfect microscope. She is able to distinguish things that the natural eye cannot see. The point of a needle looks as blunt as a crowbar, and it is wonderful to hear her describe the beautiful colors of flies and other insects. To her the hairs on a person's head look as large as darning-neeeles, and in the finest piece of linen she can count bean-poles. The moment she opens both eyes they assume the cross-eyed expression or shape, and then she sees again as any other person. It is the intention of her father to take her to New York at no distant day to let some of the celebrated physicians see this wonderful phenomenon. The girl herself is a very bright, pretty girl, but very timid.

Another Prophecy by Vennor.

MONTREAL, Aug. 9.—Vennor says that we may expect a great change in the weather about the time the new comet comes in its perihelion, when it will be also nearest the earth. This will occur on the 20th of the present month. During the time from the 15th to the 20th of the present month instead of being burned up, as we might expect, he says we shall be nearly frozen by frosts and strong cold northerly winds.

Clubbed to Death.

BOSTON, August 11.—At East Deadham, Mass., this morning, James Gately, a laborer, was arrested on a charge of clubbing his wife to death last night. The left side of her head was badly battered, and the room presented a sickening appearance, the wall and ceiling being spattered with blood, while the victim lay in a pool, which had soaked through the bed to the floor below. Gately has made a confession.

FOR MAMA.—One morning little Dora was busy at the ironing table smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly. How true it is that love makes labor sweet.

Vengeance of a Woman.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Aug. 6.—William Pleyburn and Mrs. Simpson, of Coraville, met, and the woman shot Pleyburn dead. Notes signed with the name of Mrs. Simpson had been found in his pocket, causing trouble with his wife. Mrs. Simpson was indignant at the charge that she wrote the notes, and in her fury murdered him.

In connection with the recent birthday of Queen Victoria, it is recalled that on the 20th of this month she has reigned in England forty-four years. The period has been surpassed by only four English rulers. Three of them were Kings and one was a Queen—Elizabeth. Should Queen Victoria live until the 25th of the coming October she will have reigned, it is said, exactly the same length of time as Queen Elizabeth.

Class in history: Teacher—Who was the hero of Cowpens? An awful silence follows, which is at last broken by the little snub-nosed boy in the back row, who cries in a piping voice, "Sitting Bull."

The man who doesn't get as mad and run as fast to get his cow out of his neighbor's corn field as he does to get his neighbor's cow out of his own, hasn't got the answer to the golden rule.

A man can drive a hog four miles along a country road with broken-down fences, and keep his temper; but when it comes to putting on a pair of kid gloves—that's too much.

Another well-planned attempt to take the life of the Czar has just been frustrated. An American cucumber was found in his morning meal.

"Help from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the lady of the house.

A great curiosity—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

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DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene R. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.
M. H. R. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from Kidney troubles and other complaints was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."
KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
☞It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those who cannot easily prepare it.
☞*It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs.
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.
If you are young and indiscretion or disease, or single, old or married, or in poor health or languishing for any cause, use Hop Bitters.
Wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.
Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.
If you are single or married and feel worn down, sleepless, nervous and irritable, it is due to some form of kidney disease that may have been induced by a timely use of Hop Bitters.
If you are a man of letters, toiling over hard work, or a professional or business man, and feel the effects of mental anxiety and overtaxed brain, use Hop B.
If suffering from any form of kidney disease that may have been induced by a timely use of Hop Bitters.
The ingredients are publicly known to be the best and purest and most valuable in the world, and are the only medicine that cures all diseases of the kidneys, liver, blood, nervous system, etc.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.
HOP BITTERS
NEVER FAIL
Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called The Pennsylvania Mutual Telegraph Company, the character and objects of which is the construction, maintenance, and operation of a telegraph line in the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Berks, Lebanon, Dauphin, Montgomery, Carbon, Luzerne, Lackawanna, Schuylkill, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Lycoming, Union, Erie, Warren, McKean, Crawford, Venango, Clarion, Armstrong, Westmoreland, Allegheny, Washington, Fayette, Somerset, Butler, Mercer, Lawrence, Beaver and Clinton, in the State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, franchises, and privileges conferred by the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.
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at Hooversville, Somerset county, Pa., where I can accomodate all who may call. Meals and odging furnished at low rates.
March 7. CHARLES A. LEWIS

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It Will Contain the General News of the Day.
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☞WE are prepared to furnish on short notice, and at a great reduction on former prices, all kinds of
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LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, ENVELOPES, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HORSE BILLS, SLIP BILLS, POSTERS, LABELS, TAGS, RECEIPTS NOTES OF ALL KINDS, DODGERS, CIRCULARS, &C., &C.
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PENDULUM SHAKING-GRATE!
Of which we are Sole Manufacturers, is the BEST of HEATERS.
WARRANTED TO PLEASE.
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BEST QUALITY, at LOW PRICES.
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Most Fragrant & Refreshing of Perfumes
Exceedingly Delicate and Lasting.
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Sold by dealers in Drugs & Perfumery. Signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every bottle.
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The Medicine for Every Family.
NEVER INTOXICATES.
Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and other of the best vegetable remedies known. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC has remarkably varied curative powers, & is the greatest Stomach Corrector, Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator ever made.
The Best Medicine You can Use for Restoring Health & Strength.
It commences to act from the first dose, searches out the weak organs, and in surprising cases of help all diseases of the Bowels, Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, and all complaints of Women, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Languor, Lack of Ambition and Drunkenness.
Try a bottle to-day; it may cover your life. 50c. and $1 sizes at all druggists. Every genuine bottle has our signature on outside wrapper. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.
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Just What is Wanted.
Everybody whose hair is gray or falling off, feels the need of a Hair Restorer and Dressing. Parker's Hair Balsam satisfies all who use it. It cleans, cools, strengthens, and invigorates the scalp, and restores the hair to its youthful color and beauty. Its success is wonderful. Its effects are permanent. It contains no injurious ingredients, and we can truthfully say it is the best and most elegant dressing for the hair. Only 50 cts. and $1 at druggists.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.
September 8.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., the undersigned will, on

Saturday, August 6th, 1881,

on the premises, in Shade township, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sell the Real Estate of Rebecca McGregor, dec'd, consisting of a farm containing 92 acres and 32 perches, more or less, of which about 20 acres are clear, with a Log Dwelling House and Log Stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Samuel McGregor, Samuel Zimmerman and others, with many never failing springs. Bituminous Stone Coal, and a fine sugar orchard on the same.

—TERMS:—

One-third in hand on the first of October, 1881, balance in two equal annual payments without interest. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale. Possession given on the first day of September, 1881.

JOHN H. SNYDER, Trustee.
jul6

WALTER ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,
AND
NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET
PITTSBURGH, PA.
feb18

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is nature's greatest remedy. Dr. Hartman prescribed it to 43,000 patients, all of whom recovered or were much improved.
PERUNA can be taken by every one—the young, the middle-aged, the old, the babe and the mother.
PERUNA always agrees with the patient. It cleanses the system of all its impurities, tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nervous and invigorates the brain.
PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the unlasting cares of the day it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.
PERUNA should be taken by every lady before each meal, when well, to prevent sickness; when sick, to cure. $100 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help.
PERUNA is composed of all vegetable ingredients; each one a great remedy in itself. (See pamphlet).
It is pleasant to the taste, and will keep the stomach to digest any article of food.
For a book which will enable you to treat yourself, address S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO. Always regulate the bowels and purify the organs with
MAN-A-LIN
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May 4

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Thirty feet long and 31 inches in diameter.
GRATE BARS, FIRE FRONT, AND STEAM FIXTURES COMPLETE.
Will be sold cheap for cash. Apply to
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